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A CANADIAN NURSE IN FRANCE

A nurse at home for a few months on leave wrote an account of her work in one of the base hospitals in France, to a relative, who is also a nurse. It gives a glimpse of the conditions under which war work is done and is an eloquent though unconscious tribute to the heroism of the nurses as well as of the soldiers.

I am beginning to wish I was back and to feel restless and anxious to be at work again. It is so lovely to be in the midst of it. You can't imagine what an absolute happiness it is to work for those sweet, patient boys. Such courage and thoughtfulness for others as they almost invariably showed when suffering indescribable tortures. It was almost superhuman, their endurance, and to work for them was just a privilege. As for honors, it is awfully nice of you to wish me to have mention, but we sisters don't think much of them over there. Of course it is nice for one's people but unless you have done something deserving of them one would rather not have them. As for me I would be ashamed to receive anything of that kind when so many who have done such wonderful work have not been recognized; many of them having given their health, and some their lives. Our hospital has been mentioned several times in despatches for its good work and that was the best honor of all. It is a wonderful hospital: our medical officers are of the very best and being right on the railway we received the very worst cases, sometimes the very day they were wounded. We had 1400 beds last summer and only 73 nurses, and some ill always. In the operating room sometimes as many as 80 major operations were performed in one day and only four sisters; four tables going all the time. I had a ward of 70 surgical cases alone for five months, and from five to six operations a day, and always watching for gas gangrene and hemorrhage; but it was wonderful how you could train the up-patients to do anything to help one. I always tried to keep five of them in the wards and they couldn't do enough. Every dressing required two people as a rule, and it was wonderful how clever they were in handling compound fractures, etc. The medical officer hardly ever did a dressing in my ward as he had other wards, too, and was kept busy operating. My five helpers took temperatures and fed the incapacitated, often cooking some little dainty on the Quebec heater that we kept going all the time in order to have sterile water. They gave the bed baths and helped with the stretchers, a conveyance often coming in as an evacuation was taking place, sometimes putting them in the same bed without being able to turn the sheets. We sometimes had three convoys a day of 200 patients or more coming to our hospitals and as many evacuations to England. Once in 48 hours we admitted 1200.

All the clothes of incoming patients were fumigated and those returning to the Front were given complete new outfits, those going to England being given the old shrunken clothing and looking more like old tramps than anything else, but so happy "to be going to Blighty" that nothing mattered.

My ward was like one big family and I was never so happy in my life, as one felt it was real nursing; everyone needed care, and all tried to give as little trouble as possible, knowing how busy we were. Fancy, a night nurse has some-

times 200 patients to oversee and going from one tent ward to another kept her pretty well on the jump, as emergencies were always cropping up. One learned such lots of life lessons from those dear chaps; only the essentials of life seem to matter now, to have a bed to sleep in and sufficient to eat and clothe one is all one seems to need and I don't feel as if I could ever allow little things to fret me now. Death is so close to Life and the self-sacrifice of those young boys is so wonderful. They know they are dying yet they do not expect you to wait on them, or make any complaint of any kind. It was so terribly sad sometimes to think they had none of their own near them. It was not all sad; really, if I could tell you some of the laughable things that have happened to us all you would laugh; one feels like laughing one minute and crying another. You don't know which to do.

FOR KILLING FLIES

The United States Government makes the following suggestion for the destruction of house flies: Formaldehyde and sodium salicylate are the two best fly poisons. Both are superior to arsenic. They have their advantages for household use. They are not a poison to children; they are convenient to handle, their dilutions are simple and they attract the flies.

PREPARATION OF SOLUTIONS

A formaldehyde solution of approximately the correct strength may be made by adding 3 teaspoonfuls of the concentrated formaldehyde solution, commercially known as formalin, to a pint of water. Similarly, the proper concentration of sodium salicylate may be obtained by dissolving 3 teaspoonfuls of the pure chemical (a powder) to a pint of water.

A container has been found convenient for automatically keeping the solution always available for flies to drink. An ordinary, thin-walled drinking glass is filled or partially filled with the solution. A saucer, or small plate, in which is placed a piece of WHITE blotting paper cut the size of the dish, is put bottom up over the glass. The whole is then quickly inverted, a match placed under the edge of the glass, and the container is ready for use. As the solution dries out of the saucer, the liquid seal at the edge of the glass is broken and more liquid flows into the lower receptacle. Thus the paper is always kept moist.